

The Avalanche

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BY
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Editor and Proprietor.

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THIRTY PER

She could tell by his preoccupied air as he sat down to the evening meal that he had something to tell her. She studied him in silence and thought it would be well to let him have his dinner first, so he would be in a better mood. He gradually thawed out under the influence of the steaming dishes, and when he discovered she even had prepared a dessert and that it was rice pudding he could contain himself no longer.

"My dear," he said with a faint suggestion of patronizing. "I told the boss I would like to have a raise and he has given me an advance to \$30 a week."

The effect was even better than he had expected. She gave a little delighted cry and came around the table to throw her arms around his neck.

"And we'll go to vaudeville show to night," he continued, "to celebrate the event."

Hurriedly they dressed for the gala occasion, and as he stepped in his striped trousers he felt that at last he was on the road to success. She also felt that she would be able to lord it over a certain Mrs. Smith who had dropped hints about her husband earning \$100 a month. At last they had become somebodies and gradually would let their little world know the fact that John was earning \$30 a week.

John reached back in his trousers pocket for his wallet, exposing a fine display of white vest, as he stood before the box office window.

"Two in the orchestra," he demanded, pushing forward a two-dollar bill. The weary-looking ticket-seller passed out two tickets in return for his money, just as if \$2 wasn't anything.

"I never want to sit in the balcony again," confessed the "Missis" as she settled back comfortably in the orchestra chair.

"You won't have to," came back John's reply, just like that. They were \$30-a-week people now and not to be confounded with the ordinary run of cheaper people.

The young couple enjoyed themselves immensely until the easels on the sides near the proscenium boxes announced the fact that the playlet entitled "His Last Act" was the next number.

The scene showed the office of a theatrical manager and an old actor, or as the programme stated "an actor of the old school," came in looking for a job. It was pathetic at first, but when the manager offered a job to the old Shakespearean actor in a modern melodrama at \$30 a week the old man delivered himself of the following soliloquy:

"Thirty dollars a week!" He dragged one foot after the other until he got to the footlights and looked out under his bushy eyebrows right into John's face. "Thirty dollars a week!" he exclaimed in horror, while the young couple moved uneasily, afraid to look at one another. "Ye gods and little fishes, what a salary. Yes, I have been called a 'has-been,' and only last night I dreamed that I had come to the end of life's play. But to descend to this! Thirty dollars!" The tearful, heart-broken words drifted out across the audience and every one sat in profound sorrow, nearly every one.

"Well," he said, striding back stage and wiping the moisture from his eyes, "I am an old man and suppose I must accept this miserable pittance."

At this another old actor came on and commiserated with him. "Time was," said he, "when an actor could draw a man's salary, but we have fallen on sad days." But the blow was too heavy for the old man, and after trying to play for \$30 a week he broke down in the first performance and died right out there under the spot-light in full sight of the audience.

"Ring down; ring down," called the other, bending over the old "husband" as he sank to his knees. "It is his last act."

Silently John helped his wife on with her carriage coat, and silently they walked up the aisle. Not a word did he say until they were in the car on their way home. Then he turned to his wife and said:

"You know, dear, these fellows don't make it all the year round. They only make it when they get it."

Children's Books

Nine-tenths of the books written for children in this country are trash of the most appalling description which ever issued from a printing machine. But the remaining tenth of these books are not only some of the most delightful work in the world, but are enough to fill a child's whole literary life, however capacious, to the brim from year's end to year's end. Conan Doyle, Barrie, Anthony Hope, Stanley Weyman, Rider Haggard, Mrs. Ewing, Charlotte Young and Henry—what would a French child, nurtured on the milk and water of Mme. de Segur, give for the crumbs which fall from his table of its English companion!—London Chronicle.

Girl's Bell-Ringing Feat.

Miss Lillian Wilson, a Leicester (Eng.) girl of 16, has just accomplished a remarkable ringing feat by taking part in a peal of 5,072 bob major on St. John's church bells. Although the task occupied three hours and 15 minutes she accomplished it with comparative ease, and is the first lady to achieve such a performance in the Midlands.

Crawford Avalanche

O. PALMER,

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

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WE WOULD SPEND THE MONEY

Little Story That Well Exemplifies New Hampshire Thrift.

The passengers in an accommodation train which was winding its way through New Hampshire were interested and amused by an elderly couple who sat in the middle of the car.

They talked as if there were no one else in the car; therefore, having heard most of their private plans, no one was surprised to have the old man take the assembled company fully into his confidence. At one station he rose and addressed the passengers in general.

"Can anybody change a \$5 bill for two twos and a one, or five ones?" he inquired.

"I can," said a brisk woman, and the transfer was quickly made.

"Now, could anybody change this \$1 bill for four quarters or tens and fives?" asked the old man.

"I can give you two fifties," said a man from the rear seat, "unless somebody else can do better."

It appeared that nobody could, or at least, nobody offered to; so as the train started, the old man lunched down the car to the possessor of the two 50-cent pieces.

"Thank ye," he said, as he took the money. "I'm obliged, though I'd liked the quarters best. You see, Marthy has set her mind to stop off at Nashua whilst I go up to my brother's with the eggs and truck. And though she don't plan nor mean to be a spend-thrift woman, when she's let loose amongst a lot of stores, she'll run through 50 cents in an hour easy, and I kind of have to put a curb on her."—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

LOOK ALWAYS TO THE FUTURE.

Sir Frederick Bridge's Advice to Musicians is Worth Heeding.

In his address at the annual conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians of Great Britain Sir Frederick Bridge advised musicians to be cheerful. "Let us think," he said, "that English music has a tremendous future." Sir Frederick narrated some experiences of his own early career, when he had to play, teach and walk 4½ miles between Rochester and Gravesend to fill the position of organist for \$105 a year. "It was not much of a start for the organist of Westminster Abbey. But I am an organist of the Abbey despite this poor beginning, and I put my progress right to the fact that I took a broad view of things," he added. Sir Frederick instanced the rise of Sir Edward Elgar. Sir Edward, he said, was brought up as an ordinary teacher of music in the Midlands, "and I know he played second violin in an orchestra I once conducted. I am sorry for him, but I know he did it. His example is a good lesson and a very good fact in musical history of which he ought to be proud."

Freaks of Electricity.

Electricity is a freakish manifestation of energy, not a bit accustomed to our curb and rein. A queer incident just reported at Rockport, Mass., shows this. A big iron freight steamer, loading granite at a pier, has been found to be completely electrified. The charging current, apparently, came via the water pipe which was mixed up with a grounded lighting wire. The vessel is a sort of floating Leyden jar, and no one knows just how to restore the equilibrium. Meantime the electricity is playing all sorts of freaks with her machinery and instruments. Watches are frequently magnetized, but for a big vessel to be thus affected is a disagreeable, if interesting novelty.

Woman, Lovely Woman.

Short Description of a Stylish Woman. Her waist begins just below her neck. Her hips have been planed off even with the rest of her body. She is usually buttoned up the back, and around her neck she wears a section of barbed wire, covered with lace. She wears on her head a blonde haystack of hair, and on top of this a central dome with rings about the same size as those of Saturn. She is swathed in her gown like an Indian papoose, and on the end of her feet are dabs of patent leather. She walks on stiff, high heels with the expertise of a tight-rope dancer. The pores of her skin are full of fine white powder. This is a woman.—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Chinese Woman's Jewels.

"Chinese ladies are very fond of jewels," says Sir Alexander Hosie, the British attaché at Pekin. "I was a passenger on a train between Pekin and Tientsin, and a young Chinese couple joined the train.

"The woman's thumb and the forefingers of each hand were simply covered with gold rings encrusted with stones of every description from diamond to turquoise. She seemed oppressed by her adornment and held her hands straight down, being so encased in rings as to be unable to bend her fingers."

Circumstantial Evidence.

"Is it true that an employee of the street-cleaning department was seen intoxicated on the street?"

"No; the rumor started from the fact that some people said they saw him fall off the waterwagon."

Not in the Natural Order.

"It would be rather an odd solution of that case, wouldn't it?"

"What solution of what case?"

"If the Thaw case should turn out a frost."

REAL WIT AT GOLFERS' DINNER.

Man Tells How He Touched Rockefeller and Got Away with It.

There are only two real rapid-fire hits as after-dinner speakers in town nowadays, guaranteed to make good in any company. One of them is Simeon Ford, who says he has retired, and the other is Patrick Francis Murphy, who is bald and grows old. They met at the golfers' dinner the other night and spilled epigrams so rapidly that the reporters had to quit writing to hold their sides, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. Murphy, in the saddest manner possible, declared that the one distressing thing about drink was that it produced the temperance orator. The barbarians, he said, insisted on regarding golf as a retreat for fallen men. He held that golf was the pursuit of pale pills by purple people. "There are born golfers and born duffers, and the tragedy of it is we never know which we are. It is, like marriage, a game of chance, not skill."

And then Ford got up and complained because he had to follow Murphy, who is a polished orator from the sole of his feet to the crown of his head.

"Personally, I wish he had a duller finish on his head." And after talking on awhile in the same tone in which he might announce his own death, he told a golf story. "It was once my privilege and pleasure," said he, "to soak John D. Rockefeller in the oil of his leg. In the golden calf, with a golf ball. It was at a distance of 50 yards. He was excessively annoyed but when I told him I didn't think I could drive that far, he was mollified. I am probably the only man who ever touched John D. and got away with it."

HE HAD THE FAMILY FAILING.

Humorous Apology Made by Pompous Old Colored Butler.

A relative of Thomas Nelson Page, who resides in the south, has in his employ an old family butler, who goes by the name of "Ebe" short for Ebenezer. Ebe is a very pompous "cultured gemmum," intensely proud of "de family" and emulative of his master, "de cuhnel," in every possible instance. I asked him for his card. His answer was: "I beg pardon, my dear sir, I took you for a boy." We both saw the fun of the situation, and became friends. He was one of the glories of this world; he lifted my sense of what it was to be a man—the ancient type of gentleman."

NOT THE BARGAIN HE THOUGHT.

Discovery That Seriously Interfered with Millionaire's Joy.

"You think our American millionaires buy a good many fake pictures?" M. Rochefort laughed. "It's pitiful! It's shameful! But what can they expect? It's their own fault for buying pictures as they buy lumber or steel rails—according to specifications. I'll never forget the last pictures I was asked to look at by a rich American. He was proud of them! So convinced that they were masterpieces! There were 40 in all, and they had cost him \$60,000 francs. It was a bargain all right if they had been genuine, for there were great names in the lot; several old masters, a Diaz, a Theodore Rousseau, a Daubigny, and several Corots—the usual millionaire assortment.

"Well," he said, as I studied them. "Some of them are well done," I admitted.

"Ah!" he purred.

"But they're not genuine."

"What? You mean you've found a counterfeit?"

"My dear sir, I'm sorry, but—they are all counterfeits!"—CLEVELAND MOTTET, in Success Magazine.

Observing the Amenities.

It is beautiful to see the graces and amenities preserved in spite of difficulties. The prisoners in the county jail in Milwaukee have "presented resolutions to Ben Johnson, the retiring jailer," thanking him for his treatment of them "during his regime." The maker of the "address of presentation" is an unindictment for murder, "a boy who beat a grocery collector to death in a wagon during a storm," but a tender heart and sympathetic disposition.

"We wish to thank you for the little acts that made us forget for an instant that we were in jail," the regretful guests say to the parting host. Little courtesies like these light up the dungeon cell and foretell, perhaps, the rosé day when even the penitentiary shall be co-operative.

Ready Repairs for Automobiles.

There are various roadside expedients possible when a nut has been lost and not duplicated at hand. Usually as good a plan as any is to wind the threads of the bolt tightly with soft iron wire, such as stovepipe wire, of which a coil should always be carried in the tool locker.

The winding should start at the end of the bolt and follow the threads up to the part it is desired to retain. The wire is then wound back in a second layer over the first and the ends twisted together. If there is a hole in the bolt for a cotter pin one should be inserted and the ends of the wire twisted around it, so that the improvised nut cannot screw itself off from the bolt.—BOSTON HERALD.

Principle of Education.

At the foundation of the art of education must be the following principle, which those who make in advance the plans for such education must understand: It is necessary to bring up children so that their education shall be adaptable not to the present, but to the future, perhaps better, condition of the human race—that is, it should be adapted to the idea of mankind and to its entire designation. This principle is important in the highest degree. Usually parents bring up their children so that they shall be fit only for the present world, even though it is depraved. But they should educate their children better in order to create thus a future better state of mankind.—KANT.

Small Boy Then and Now.

This is the way the editor of the St. Joseph, Ga., Eye writes it:

"David was considered a noble little fellow because he went forth and slew the giant, Goliath, with his sling. It pleased King Saul and all the children of Israel to such an extent that he was at once crowned as a hero and made a ruler. Very little heroism would be credited to an act of that kind in our day of the world."

"Give the average ten-year-old boy a sling of the David style and he would not only kill all the giants within four miles of him, but there would not be a window light nor a dog within that radius."

Fashion and Good Taste.

It is very foolish and betrays what a small mind we have, to allow fashion to sway us in everything that regards taste; in our way of living, our health and our conscience.

To have a hobby is not to have a taste for what is good and beautiful, but for what is rare and singular and for what no one else can match; it is not to like things which are perfect, but those which are most sought after and fashionable. It is not an amusement but a passion; and often so violent that in the meanness of its object it yields only to love and ambition.

Jean De La Bruyere.

King Leopold's Art Treasures.

King Leopold of Belgium, it is said, intends to bequeath all his art treasures to the nation, to be divided among the various museums. It is for this reason, rumor has it, that a French art expert has for some time past been busy making a catalogue of the collections and valuing them.

IN THE DAYS OF THE DUEL.

Reminder of Times When Gentlemen Met on "Field of Honor."

The years which separate us Americans from dueling are fewer than most of us realize. The late Prof. Shaler's Autobiography, in the Atlantic, gives this amusing reminiscence:

"The first occasion was when a silly cousin of mine with too much wine in him challenged a well-known duelist, James Jackson, who as a general fell at Perryville. Fortunately, I knew Jackson well as a boy of 18 may know a man of twice his years. I made my plea to him to give my kinsman an easy way out. At first he was obdurate, saying that he would have his life—he had, indeed, reason, to vexed—but in the end he told his second to fix it up with me. My good, I may say indeed affectionate, relations with Jackson had begun a year before in a like absurd business in a ballroom, Frankfort. I had accidentally stepped into a mess made on the floor by the breaking of a bottle of champagne, which he as manager was trying to have cleaned up. With a sharp word, he pushed me aside; my new-found, many dignified, was offended; so, therefore, as usual in such cases, I asked him for his card. His answer was: 'I beg pardon, my dear sir, I took you for a boy.' We both saw the fun of the situation, and became friends. He was one of the glories of this world; he lifted my sense of what it was to be a man—the ancient type of gentleman."

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Under and by virtue of the power of

THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF LINCOLN



SONG OF FISHING TRIPS

Lincoln and the Boys of Springfield
From West Virginia.

When William B. Thompson of the St. Louis bar was a boy he went fishing with Abraham Lincoln. That was before Mr. Lincoln was a candidate for President; earlier even than the historic Lincoln-Douglas debates. It was when Mr. Lincoln was practicing law in Springfield and wanted a day off. Then he would put the neighbors boys into the family carry-all, as many as could be crowded in, and drive away to the banks of the Sangamon. The Lincoln whom William B. Thompson remembers best was not the lawyer, the orator, the candidate, the President, but the friend and the associate of every boy on the street where he lived in Springfield.

"At first it appeared more like a large reception, where, after shaking hands, people stayed to chat with one another. Not far from Mr. Lincoln a prominent Senator, whom we may call Senator D—, in a strong deep voice remarked: "I believe that if we could only do right as a people, the Lord would help us and we should have a decided success in this terrible struggle." Mr. Lincoln, hearing the remark of the Senator, with his clear, shrill enunciation, cried out: "My faith is greater than yours."

Everybody turned and looked at the president, who was head and shoulders above all those assembled. The Senator who had spoken then said: "How so, Mr. Lincoln?"

"I am confident," said he, "that God will make us do sufficiently right to give us the victory."—Century Magazine.

The One I Love.
Oh, fairest of the fair ones and dearest of the few,
Would that my eyes could ever feast upon thy presence near,
And when I ripening promise this feast is but begun,
Would that its sweet fruition, our souls blend into one.

Thou art a sickle damsel—how sadly this I know,
Elusive now,
Elusive now, an echo that calls back where e'er I go;
But since my heart, forever, will cry aloud to thine,
Accept the love I send to thee within this valentine.

Thou art no earthly maiden with witchery and pelt,
But thine sacred presence I implore—thy name is "Greater Self!"
Without thy sacred presence my soul can never taste
The sumptuous fruits "ideal," and my life were gone to waste!

My world—is it too narrow? My throne—is it too small?
My voice—is it too feeble yet to cry aloud and call?
Aye, call that with entreaty—with love that knows no rest,
Till thou shall make my life in thine and put it to the test!

Oh, maid of God's creating, thou hast a woman's heart, when thou form of life the greater part?
My smaller self entreats thee to lose its life
In thine, this is the loving with I send thee in this valentine.

A New Lincoln Story.

In her book, "Dixie After the War," Mrs. Myra Lockett Avery tells the following new Lincoln story in connection with Gen. Pickett, who led the charge at Gettysburg: Mr. Lincoln had taken warm interest in young George Pickett as a cadet at West Point. During his final sojourn in Richmond Lincoln's carriage and armed retinue drew up in front of the old Pickett mansion. The general's young wife came out with her baby in her arms and said: "I am Gen. Pickett's wife."

"Madam," Lincoln answered, "I am George's old friend, Abraham Lincoln."

"The President of the United States?" she asked.

"No," said the visitor, with a smile, "only Abraham Lincoln, George's old friend."

The child reached out his hands, and when Lincoln took him in his arms he kissed the President.

"Tell your father," said Lincoln, "that I will grant him a special amnesty—if he wants it—for the sake of your mother's bright eyes and your good manners."

Fever's Way.

"Percy Pinkweed is so effeminate," said the tall blonde, "I hate to get on the street cars with him."

"Steps off backward, eh?" asked her chum.

"Worse than that. He always pays the conductor the fares in pennies."

Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them.—Frederick W. Robertson.

SOME RELICS OF LINCOLN

THE house in Springfield, Ill., which Abraham Lincoln called home was given to the State of Illinois by the great President's son, Robert T. Lincoln, there lived in it a man who had devoted his life to the collecting of Lincoln relics. O. H. Oldroyd, a contemporary of Lincoln, though he never saw him, had a news stand in Mount Vernon, Ohio, the year of Lincoln's first presidential campaign. He saved souvenirs of the campaign and became so interested in all that pertained to the man who was its center that he never ceased gathering trophies and relics of this hero. From 1883 until 1893 he kept his collection in the Springfield house, but when it became State property he gathered up his belongings and moved to Washington. In the capital city he occupied the little house on Tenth Street, Northwest, into which Lincoln was carried after he was shot, and where he died. When this house was acquired by the national government under authority of an act of Congress creating a commission to preserve noteworthy houses made historic by their associations with prominent men the commission, of which Chief Justice Fuller is president, decided to permit Mr. Oldroyd to continue living there without paying rent. For years the old man made his living by charging a small admission fee to those who cared to see his relics. Naturally enough, he thought that in the city where Lincoln's career culminated many would be as interested as he in looking upon his 3,000 or more relics, all of them reminiscent of the man whom the world delights to honor. And as the years pass interest has increased.

Mr. Lincoln's voice was clear and penetrating, and was distinctly heard far and near among the assembled multitude, who preserved an unbroken silence from the beginning to the end. Then a great cheer arose and ran like a wave along the avenue, carrying testimony which was likewise flying over the wires in every direction that the inauguration had been successfully accomplished and that in spite of all perils, visionary and real, Abraham Lincoln was President of the United States and a new historic era had been ushered in.

Mr. Lincoln's inaugural address was completed before he left Springfield, but it was subjected to a careful process of revision almost up to the hour of its delivery. He had to sustain the shock of many a collision and the embittered remonstrance of many a disappointed individual and cabal before the final scroll was put into the fabric of his Cabinet. Even then it threatened to tumble apart. The morning of the inauguration brought a letter from Edward, desiring to withdraw his promise to accept the post of Secretary of State, but this in the last moment he was induced to reconsider.

Letter to the Cabinet. Wood and Greeley had a pitched battle on the composition of the Cabinet, neither side gaining a victory. Wood was bitterly opposed to giving the Treasury to Chase; Greeley supported his appointment, and so far as this was

concerned carried his point, but was beaten on others, so that it was practically a drawn battle. Lincoln bluntly told Weed that if Chase did not come into the Cabinet neither should Seward.

Cameron was not idle in those days; reached for many things; got the War portfolio at last after infinite toil; did not keep it long, but had a long session in which to explain the intricacies of his brief administration. The correspondents of the papers, of course, knew little of these things at the time. They came out later, as a part of the secret history of the period.

In the journey from Springfield the presidential party proper consisted of Mr. Lincoln, his wife and three sons, his secretary, John H. Nicolay and John Hay, N. B. Judd, Ward Lamon, Col. E. V. Sumner, Major David Hunter, Captain John Pope, Colonel Ellsworth (shot down in hotel in Alexandria in the first movements of the war, of which, if he had lived, he would have been one of the historic figures); Dr. W. S. Wallace and Lockwood Todd, relations of Mr. Lincoln; Q. M. Burgess, George C. Latham, W. S. Wood and B. Forbes. With these were the correspondents and the delegations which came and went, joining the party for a little way and then dropping out to admit others.

With a single exception the speeches of welcome which greeted Mr. Lincoln from Springfield to Harrisburg, when the flow of oratory was suspended, were of unblemished courtesy and such as befit the man to whom they were addressed and the communities which, through their various officials, addressed him.

My duties as correspondent kept me in Washington for a year—the year of the second Bull Run, Antietam, Chantilly and Fredericksburg—and in looking back on that time, now almost half a century away, it seems to me that I saw Mr. Lincoln almost daily. I had pleasant social relations with his secretary, the late Secretary of State and the late John Nicolay, and also with the family, whose acquaintance I had made on the journey from Springfield.

Ride to the Capital. When all was ready Senators Baker and Pole took seats in the carriage, fronting the two Presidents, Buchanan looking old, gray and haggard, Lincoln dark and firm, wearing a mournful and anxious expression of countenance. But accompanied, they set forth on their historical ride to the Capitol. Around the carriage were mounted guards and a flying squadron of newspaper correspondents, the latter keeping as near to it as possible, one of the artists of an illustrated paper making a sketch of the scene as he went along. There was a desert cloud of dust along the avenue riding the blustering March winds, and sometimes hiding the entire procession from view.

It was a little after 1 o'clock when the outgoing and incoming Presidents, arm in arm, entered the Capitol, proceeding immediately to the President's room, whence they emerged in a few minutes, guarded by the Marshal of the District, Justices of the Supreme Court and the Senators, the diplomatic corps, heads of departments, Governors of States and others, and made their way to a grand wooden pavilion, under which Mr. Lincoln stood while he delivered his memorable message. Chief Justice Taney, old, shriveled to the bone, with a face like parchment, muffled in his silken robes, sat in front of the array of judges. Close by stood Douglas, as near, in fact, that Mr. Lincoln, finding no place on or under the small reading-table provided for him on which to deposit his hat, handed it over to his mighty servitor, who held it carefully until the address was finished.

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G. P. ALWARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Three Months.....40

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GRAYLING, THURSDAY, FEB. 4

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Jan. 11, 1909.
To the Republican Electors of the State of Michigan.

The State Convention of the Republicans of Michigan is hereby called to meet in the City of Grand Rapids on Friday, February 12, 1909, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of nominating two candidates for the office of Justice of the Supreme Court, two candidates for the office of Regent of the University, one candidate for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction; one candidate for the office of member of the State Board of Education, and six candidates for the office of State Board of Agriculture, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the convention.

In accordance with the provisions of law and the action of the Republican State Central Committee, every county will be entitled to one delegate for each two hundred and fifty of the total vote cast therein for the Republican candidate for Secretary of State at the last election and one additional delegate for a moiety of 126 votes or more.

Under the resolutions of 1858, no delegate will be entitled to a seat in the Convention who does not reside in the county he proposes to represent.

The delegates from the several counties in each Congressional District are requested to meet in district caucuses at ten o'clock a. m., on the day of the State Convention, and select officers as follows, to be presented to the State Convention for confirmation:

1—One Vice-President;
2—One Assistant Secretary;
3—One member of the committee on "Credentials";
4—One member of the committee on "Permanent Organization and Order of Business";
5—One member of the committee on "Resolutions."

Crawford County will be entitled to two delegates.

By order of the Republican State Central Committee.

GERRIT J. DIEKEEMA, Chairman.
DENNIS E. ALWARD, Secretary.

Don't Neglect Your Bills.

The suggestion of Mr. E. W. Morley, printed in another column, that prompt payment of bills would be a big aid to business, is deserving of serious consideration. It is aimed especially at those who are so situated that they can pay their bills when they happen to be so inclined, but who make a practice of putting them off, who forget about them, who consider them as too insignificant to pay much attention to, and who don't care anyway. With many people it is surely a matter of thoughtlessness.

Possibly you are trading a little with a merchant who is doing business in a small way. Your bill is small and consequently you think little of it—it is only the big ones that bother you enough to command much attention. But that bill may look much larger to the merchant, and while it is only one of two or three little ones to you it may be one of several hundred to him. Figure it up and estimate how much those little bills might amount to altogether; then compare the estimate with the value of the stock or the capital of the merchant and you can begin to get some idea of what the little bills mean to him.

Your grocery and meat bills, for instance, may climb up rather slowly. You go on ordering what you need or what you want, which is a different thing, and the grocer supplies it. He has to keep his stock up. He has to replace the goods you take. And in one sense, to a certain extent, the amount of capital required to run his business depends upon the readiness with which his customers pay up. He can do the same business with less capital and consequently get bigger returns on his capital if his customers pay up promptly.

You owe a little consideration to the man who is extending you credit. Don't take advantage of your credit too much. Pay up as promptly as you reasonably can and you will find that the merchant always appreciates it and it is to your mutual advantage. Saginaw Herald.

A Washington correspondent writes that government lands on which there is undeveloped water power may be withdrawn from entry. This is on the theory that it is better to have the water power idle and running away than to utilize it for the benefit of the people. Happily the water power being developed in Michigan is the property of the people who have bought it and own it and purpose that people now living shall have the opportunity to derive some benefit from it rather than have it tied up an indefinite period and of no use to the state or any one else. The state will be able to assess this developed power and collect taxes therefrom, all of which inure to the benefit of the state and communities in which such development is made. The government at Washington may do as it pleases with its own but it isn't concerned in the development of Michigan water power.

Home Circle Department

A column dedicated to Tired Mothers as they join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

Crude thoughts as they fall from the Editorial Pen—Pleasant Evening Reveries.

A home is often more a home than a palace. If the spirit of congenial friendship links not the hearts of the inmates of a dwelling it is not home. If love reigns not there; if charity spread not her downy mantle over all; if peace prevails not; if virtue near not her beautiful children, and religion comes not in her white robe of gentleness to lay her hand in benediction on every head, the home is not complete.

More and more as we grow we appreciate the finer traits that are in human nature. Men going out into life never forget the mother who stays at home, and who has presented to them a nature with a reason dominant with a high moral sense, with refined and sweet affections, with taste, with patience, with gentleness, with self sacrifice, and with disinterestedness. A man may go through all the world, he may run through every stage of belief and disbelief, but there will be one picture that he cannot efface. Living or dying, there will rise up before him like a morning star the beauty of that remembered goodness which he called "mother."

There are many happy homes, thank God, in every community, and when they exist there goes out from them a blessed influence, which can hardly be overestimated. "A real home with a mother in it," whose hospitable doors are ever open to those not so blessed, is a wonderful power for good.

If the boys and girls are made welcome they will not be slow to tell it, and there will be no attraction in the sweet amenities of home which will draw them from other and less holy influences. It is not possible in this world so full of care and trouble to be always merry. It is quite possible to be always loving and kind. If the business cares of the father and the never ending struggles of the mother with dirt and disorder, cooking, washing, ironing and mending, cannot be banished, they can be wonderfully toned down by the loving sympathy and help which each member of the household can and should give to the other. A home where the golden rule is lived is the nearest possible approach to heaven. The day comes all too soon when the household is scattered—the boys and girls, alas! girls no longer—are gone to make homes for themselves, elsewhere; when some, perhaps, are laid away from our sight, out of reach of kind words or helpful deeds. Happy are we if our sorrowful thoughts haunt us, of hasty words and unkind deeds, if only pleasant memories remain. We may, if our means allow, make our homes beautiful and attractive, and it is well to do so. But without the true spirit of home, it will be but a cheerless and desolate mockery—while the humblest cottage where love dwells and kindness reigns, may most beautifully exemplify the sweetness and blessedness of home.

That Dreary Parlor.

We do wonder why people try so hard to make their houses ugly, inside and out. They spend dollars, yes lots of them, too—in filling their dwellings with what is neither useful nor ornamental, when a few cents and perhaps a little more sense would have made them handsome. The best parlor, what misery sits enthroned within its forbidding doors! When you make a visit you are invited within its sacred portals. The door creaks, as if protesting against the invasion. A clammy atmosphere envelopes you as you enter that makes you involuntarily shudder and wonder if the room is haunted. You sit on a hair cloth chair and clutch frantically at the arms to keep from slipping off. The ambrotypes of deceased uncles and cousins and aunts look down at you from their oval frames and scowl. The whatnot in the corner is covered with bric-a-brac intended to be ornamental, but which looks more like some play house repulsive with broken dishes and empty bottles, and kept in the best room in memory of some child, dead years ago. You feel in your bones that there has been no one in that room for months before and that when you go out it will once more be sealed like a tomb and left to the care of the relatives on the wall. You long for a glimpse of the sunlight out of doors! If you could see a hat or a coat lying carelessly about to denote that you were still in the land of the living, it would be a relief. You wish you could find a cat in the room and step on its tail, or run a pin into the old aunt who looks down from the wall with a stony stare at least fifty years old, or kick the hair cloth chair right into the whatnot, or do anything to cause a little commotion and an appearance of life. And when, after a visit of half an hour, about as cheerful as a funeral, you leave the room, you feel as if you had been in the presence of the dead. The best parlor, where sunlight and children, and laughter, and music and fun are excluded, should give place to something more cheerful and more fitting for Christian homes.

Managing a Wife.

A New York paper recently offered a prize for the best thought on "How to Manage a Wife." The following was awarded the prize: "Manage?" What is that? Does it mean to control?

We manage a horse. We use our superior human intellect to control and guide his superior physical strength so as to obtain the best results. But a wife is not a horse. Where two persons are well married, the wife is superior to her in others. If happiness is to be the result of the union the first business of the husband is to manage himself so as to keep his wife always his wife's respectful friend, always her tender lover, always her equal, partner, always her superior protector. This will necessarily stimulate the wife to be always an affectionate sweetheart, always a thrifty housewife, always a confiding ward. And this will be, react upon the husband that his love for his wife will grow so as to make it easy for the husband, with all his faults, to bear with infirmities of his "one and only" wife."

Old tunes are sweetest and old friends are best.

A sunny disposition is to be chosen above great riches.

It is only when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of today that we can bear.

Soldier Belts Death Plot.

It seemed to J. A. Stone, a civil war veteran, of Kemp, Tex., that a plot existed between a desperate lung trouble and the grave to cause his death. "I contracted a stubborn cold," he writes "that developed a cough that stuck to me, in spite of all remedies, for years. My weight ran down to 130 pounds. Then I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery, which restored my health completely. Now weigh 178 pounds." For severe Colds, Obstructive Coughs, Hemorrhages, Asthma, and to prevent Pneumonia it's unrivaled. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free. Guaranteed by A. M. Lewis & Co.

Resolution of Condolance.

Whereas, The Angel of death has again entered our midst and taken from us two of our friends and sisters, Alta Fairbotham and Emma Hadley, and released them from the trials of earth to the sweet realms above, their life work is done.

Resolved, That as a just tribute to the memory of the departed sisters in regretting their removal from our midst, we, members of Crawford Hive No. 690 deeply mourn for two who were in every way worthy of our respect and regard, and that we sincerely condole with the families of the deceased and commend them to him who does all things for the best.

Resolved, That our Charter be draped for a period of thirty days and that a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes at the first regular meeting, and that we cause them to be published in our local paper.

ANNA ISENHAUER
PHENIA FORMAN
AMANDA TYLER
Committee.

Resolution of Condolance.

At a regular meeting of the Grayling Rebekah Lodge No. 352, a committee was appointed to draft resolutions of condolence upon the death of the mother of our sister Gladys Hadley.

Resolved, That as it has pleased the Almighty to take away Mrs. Hadley, mother of our sister Gladys Hadley, we sincerely condole with sister Hadley and wish to express our deepest sympathy in her hour of sorrow and commend her to Him who in His loving kindness hath thus bereft her. Be it further

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions and heartfelt testimony of the sympathy of this lodge be sent to our mourning sister, that it be spread in the minutes, and that it be published in the CRAWFORD COUNTY Avalanche.

MARIE JENSEN
EDITH ABBOTT
CARRIE JOHNSON
Committee.

Frederic Freaks.

Dr. C. H. O'Neill has had to give up his practice for the present on account of poor health. He will go to California to J. Stevens' Ranch to recuperate, that being the advice from Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. Murray are here from Richmonville to assist their daughter Mrs. C. H. O'Neill. Their many friends are sorry to see them leave.

Dr. Chapin, a graduate of Ann Arbor has located here and will do the best he can to look after all patients. He comes well recommended.

Joe Chrambeau was called to Stanislaus last week by the serious illness of his father.

Mr. Kelley is in the south part of state.

Mr. McDonald is on the sick list threatened with Pendolitis, but is improving some.

Charles Wilbur and wife are at Pere Marquette called there by the serious illness of her sister.

Our meetings are still going on with Rev. Cunningham, as assistant.

As Frances Put It.

Little Frances had begun to write letters under the supervision of mamma. Recently her mother was away on a visit, and Frances decided to write to her without help. She managed slang and the new mode of spelling in one sentence: "Grandma got a letter from Any and the news is it sot her out."

TEMPLE THEATRE

PROGRAM

THURSDAY.
A Dearly Paid for Kiss.

Song—Your Picture says remember.
Though Your better says Forget.

FRIDAY.
We Close at Noon.

Song—Daddy Little Tom Boy Girl.

SATURDAY.

The Peers Fancy.

Song—I'm Trying so Hard to Forget.

and The Naughty Little Princess.

Song—That's Gratitude.

MONDAY.

Mr. Henry E. Dixey in David Garret.

Song—When Darling Beas First

Whispered You.

TUESDAY.

Mishaps of the N. Y. Parks Auto Race

Song—Down Where the Swanne River

Flows.

WEDNESDAY.

Ingomar.

Song—Neath the Old Acorn Tree

Sweet Estelle.

THURSDAY.

The First Coach.

Song—Hoo-oo-Aint You Coming out

Tonight.

WEDNESDAY.

A Prize of \$5 in Gold will also be

given away Saturday, Feb. 13th.

LEVELLS LOCALS.

Dr. Bush was in town Monday.

Measrs J. P. Wohm, George Stricher and two more men from Ohio were here looking for land Tuesday.

Arthur Lalonde his wife and children were visiting friends here Thursday.

Len Davis and wife were at the county seat Thursday.

Mr. Decker and E. Price were over to Lewiston.

John Waitham was doing business at Grayling Tuesday.

Mrs. Victor Lalonde returned Thursday.

W. S. Crall was in town Thursday

on his way to Grayling.

Dr. Underhill is filling his ice house with heavy ice. It looks as though the Dr. meant to keep cool next summer.

DAN.

On Saturday last a merry crowd of boys and girls helped Charlie Owen to celebrate his 12th birthday. The birthday cake held 12 candles. Charlie lit the candles and then twelve little folks sat down to supper. All had a merry time and left him many pretty gifts and wished him many more happy birthdays.

Mrs. John Schram spent Sunday in Grayling.

Mr. Geo. F. Owen went to Grayling

to attend the funeral of Mrs. Hadley.

On Wednesday evening a jolly

crowd assembled at the pavilion for dancing. Some parties kept the violin away by enticing him with drinks, but the dancing progressed by phonograph music, and thanks to Miss Edna Defresina at the piano, had as good music as if an orchestra was playing.

Mr. James Husted spent a few days with his sister Mr. T. E. Douglass.

M. P. Church.

(SOUTH SIDE)

Sunday, Feb. 7, 1909.

Preaching service at 10:30 a. m.

Sabbath School at 11:45 a. m.

Epworth League at 6:00 p. m.

Preaching service at 7 p. m.

Pr

Crawford Avalanche.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, FEB. 4

Local and Neighborhood News.

Take Notice.

The date following your address on this paper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are \$1.50 per year in ADVANCE. If your time is up, please renew promptly. A X following your name means we want our money.

All advertisements, communications, correspondences, etc., must reach us by Tuesday noon, and can not be considered later.

For Clean coal go to Bates.

Read Hathaway's Ads. You may be interested.

Be sure to send your order for fresh fish to H. Petersen's store.

A dining room girl wanted at the New Russel Hotel. H. CHARRON.

Dancing assembly Monday 22d, Temple Theatre.

Edison Records for February on sale at Hathaway's.

S. H. Co., will fill your coal bin, if you leave your order at their store. It will pay you to order now.

Stereoptican Entertainment at High School tonight. Admission 5 cents.

For first-class lunches at reasonable prices, go to Cullen's Restaurant. Opposite S. H. Co.'s store.

Bates can show you more grades of soft coal than all other dealers combined. Come and see.

Simpson is the cheapest place to buy groceries and dry goods for cash. Come and get prices.

Don't miss the Stereoptican Entertainment at High school, this evening Good program throughout.

H. Petersen will again have a supply of fresh Codfish, Flounder, Eel and Halibut this week.

Valentines in endless variety, and up-to-date, at J. W. Sorenson's at right prices.

Leave your orders for coal at S. H. Co.'s store. Prices as low as anybody.

WANTED—Ladies and gentlemen to do local work in home town. Salary from 12 to 15 dollars per week. Address John H. Burleson, Grayling, Mich.

A first class work team, good drivers, with harness and wagon for sale, at least as value. Enquire at AVANCE OFFICE.

Leave your order for fresh Herring with V. Sorenson. Dressed and delivered 8 cents per lb.

The Wykoff house, at Pere Cheney, was burned last Sunday. It was owned by Mrs. Dumper. Loss probably \$500.00.

Miss Josie Goudrow spent a few days with Mrs. H. J. Osborne at Mackinaw, returning last Saturday afternoon.

Valentines! Valentines! Valentines! James W. Sorenson has the best assortment in the city, at prices to suit everybody.

The Ladies of the Catholic Church will give a chicken pie supper at the Opera House Wednesday evening, Feb. 17th.

The general public is cordially invited to attend a reception in honor of Rev. Fr. Riess at the new parochial residence Saturday evening, Feb. 6th from 7 to 9 o'clock.

Strayed—from my place near Sibley one Red Heifer Calf about nine months old, had on a small bell. Reward for information. E. L. Babbitt, Sibley.

WANTED—Ladies and Gentlemen to travel for manufacturing firm. Salary from sixty to one hundred dollars per month, expenses advanced. Address John H. Burleson, Grayling, Mich.

The genuine St. Charles Coal is the brightest and best for sale only by H. Bates. "This is not the just as good" or the genuine as any, but is the genuine article. Call and see the difference.

Michigan ranked third in the 1908 potato crop with 23,400,000 bushels. New York was first with 34,850,000 and Maine second with 26,100,000 bushels of the tubers.

Meadames Palmer and Niles will entertain the Ladies Union at the regular business meeting at their home Friday, Feb. 5th. Ladies of the congregation are invited.

The best game of Basket Ball of the season will be played to-morrow evening at the Temple Theatre, between Bay City Y. M. C. A. vs. Grayling All City. Game will be called at 8:30. Dance after the game.

The Bay City Y. M. C. A. Basket Ball team, champions of the Saginaw Valley will be here Friday evening, to do up the Grayling All City Club. Here is hoping they get left. Everybody go and root for our fellows.

The Roscommon News has been awarded the county printing for the ensuing year for the lump sum of two hundred dollars. If this is for the printing the proceedings of the board and reports of officers. It is about fifty percent higher than the average paid in this county for the past eight years for at least twenty-five per cent more work, and the extra expense of printing it in supplement form, instead of putting it in the paper.

Rain sale at Simpson's Store Saturday afternoon.

Go to A. M. Lewis & Co's Drug Store for Valentines. The finest and largest assortment in the city.

The Ladies Aid will meet at the home of Mrs. Hammond Friday afternoon Feb. 5.

As there is some misunderstanding about the party Feb. 12 given by Seniors, would say that the party is the same as a masquerade party only without a mask. A prize will be given for the most novel and original costume.

H. C. Price, Co. B, 7th U. S. Infantry located at Fort Wayne, has been visiting his cousin Miss Mable Braske, a maid for A. Kraus & Son for the last week. He is on furlough, arranging to leave with his troupe May 5th for Honolulu.

We have received from C. E. Marvin the first number of the Columbia Journal of Commerce; which is typographically welling perfect. It is finely written up in the interest of Paaco and surrounding territory and will be a great aid in the development of that promising country.

R. P. Forkes and wife were called to Durand last week by the death of his sister Mrs. Northway, who spent most of the summer here. She had been an invalid for a long time, and her going, though a shock to family and friends was but a relief from her estate.

She was a member of the order of

Eastern Star, and of the Lady Macabees, by whom she will be greatly missed in their lodge work as well as in their social life.

The body was taken to Holly for interment by the side of her husband and only son, in the cemetery established by the grandfather of her husband, and which has always been known as the Hadley Cemetery. It was accompanied by her daughter, and by Fred Narren, a life long friend, and Miss Mable Redhead.

Her daughter, Miss Gladys Hadley of this village, and three sisters Mesdames David Mitchell, Frank Downey and Hally Austin, all of Holly, alone remain of her immediate family.

Brief funeral services were held at the residence here Thursday evening. Rev. E. G. Johnson officiating, and at the home of her sister Mrs. Austin, near Holly, Friday afternoon. "Not dead, but entered into life!"

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of the north camps of Charles Blanchard are driving through to Roscommon and stopped over night with Barnes of Frederic. After they had left in the morning Mr. Barnes found the trappings had been stolen from one of his work harnesses, and notified Sheriff Amidon who rounded up the outfit as they drove into the village. The stolen property was found and identified by Mr. Barnes who was here soon after and they were glad to pay all costs and damage, getting off for thirty dollars.

The state fire relief commission is about ready to report the extent of its relief work to Governor Warner, and the work of the committee is about closed up. The report will show the number of families assisted was 185, including 180 men, 177 women, 51 children under 16 years old, and 110 over 16. The number of families totally burned out was: Alpena county, 26; Metz 81; Posen, 57; other counties, 7. Partially burned out: Alpena county 51; Metz 18; Posen 29; other places 27. Small losses were sustained by 75 families in Alpena county, 30 in Metz, 99 in Posen and 12 in other counties. In Alpena county 408 farmers suffered loss of timber.

Everybody is invited to the memorial Service, Friday evening, Feb. 12, at the Opera House, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. The exercises will begin promptly at 7 o'clock, and will not be very lengthy, as we can only have the opera house by the courtesy of the High School Seniors, who have their annual party on that evening, and gave way the earlier evening for the Lincoln meeting.

DIRD—At her home in this village, Wednesday, January 27, Alta May, wife of Wm. Fairbotham, aged 41 years. The deceased was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard Head, of South Branch township, who with her husband and eight children are left to mourn. The funeral services, in charge of Crawford Hive, L. O. T. M. D., were held at the residence, Friday p. m., Rev. J. Humphrey Fleming officiating. The L. A. Macabees and Ladies of the G. A. R., attending in a body with a large circle of friends whom she had gained in her 22 years residence in this village. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Williams of Vanderbit, L. J. Miller and family of Kingston, Mich., and her brother Elmer, and family of South Branch, were in attendance. A faithful wife and loving mother has gone to her reward.

Gaylord, Mich., Feb. 1.—(Special to Detroit Journal.) News has been received here of a fire in Dover township, about 10 o'clock last night which cost at least one life and perhaps two. Ernest Waunga, with his family, lived in a cottage on the Wolf farm. The family consisted of three children and the husband and wife. About 10 o'clock one child awakened the mother by crying. She discovered the interior of the house all ablaze. The wife awakened the husband who, finding door exit impossible, breaking a window, jumped through. The wife towed two children through after him, then escaping herself. Another child, aged 6, who was sleeping with her father, perished in the flames. Detroit Journal.

Revolts At Cold Steel.

"You only hope," said these doc-

—Mrs. M. E. Fisher, Detroit,

Michigan, suffering from severe dental trouble, lies in an operation "then I used Dr. King's New Life Pill," she writes. "I'll wholly cured." They prevent Appendicitis, cure Constipation, Headache, etc. at A. M. Lewis & Co.

Mrs. Emma Marsh Hadley.

Died at her home in this village, January 27, Emma Marsh Hadley, aged 82 years.

The deceased was born in the township of Holly, Oakland County Mich., April 5, 1846 where she lived until after her marriage to John O. Hadley in 1865. Mr. Hadley died at their home in this village March 12, 1893, and was buried near his boyhood home.

They came to Grayling with their family about 1877, and resided here until the time of her death except from 1888 to 1902 when she was living at Holly.

No lady in the county has had a more extended acquaintance with our people, and none has been more universally esteemed. Her home has been her kingdom, where love has reigned, and confidence been supreme. A modest, unassuming, womanly woman, whose sympathy was ever ready for those less fortunate than she, and whose time and work was always ready for those in need. Her capability in business matters has been well proven since the death of her husband, as with her daughter, she has supervised all matters connected with her estate.

She was a member of the order of Eastern Star, and of the Lady Macabees, by whom she will be greatly missed in their lodge work as well as in their social life.

The body was taken to Holly for interment by the side of her husband and only son, in the cemetery established by the grandfather of her husband, and which has always been known as the Hadley Cemetery. It was accompanied by her daughter, and by Fred Narren, a life long friend, and Miss Mable Redhead.

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For Your Daughter

Make Her Happy Make Her Room Pretty

MAKE it one she will be proud to show to her friends. Make it comfortable for her to read in, lounge in, sew in. Talk it over with us for we can make it successful at very little cost.

Willow furniture is especially suitable for a girl's bedroom. It is dainty, comfortable and reasonable in price. It is cool in summer and equally pleasant in winter. The arm chairs are ideal lounging places, the rocking chairs roomy and restful. Even the straight back chairs are comfortable.

Tables of willow that are round or square or sewing tables with pockets for her work may be had. There are even desks of willow.

The Avalanche

D. PALMER, Publisher.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

SUMMARY OF THE MOST IMPORTANT NEWS.

Sunday.

The site of Walkerville, Ont., valued at \$24,000,000, will be claimed in a suit by C. H. Labbott of South Bend, Ind.

A bullet fired by George Busse, brother of the Mayor of Chicago, crashed through a window of the Mayor's apartments and killed Mrs. L. C. Tuckerman, daughter of a retired army officer, across an awryway.

M. Lopukine, former director of police in the department of the ministry of the interior in Russia, was arrested and charged with being a spy in league with the fighting branch of the revolutionary party.

Monday.

Secretary Garfield hopes to recover \$14,000,000 worth of stolen public lands and has asked for \$1,000,000 to carry on investigation.

Captain O'Brien of the Chicago detective bureau advocates a "rogues' gallery" for reckless chauffeurs as the result of the running down and killing of Miss Emma Wilhelmen.

The Baltic, with 1,050 passengers of wrecked vessels landed all safely in New York, captain and crew of the Republic arrived on the Seneca and the battered Florida reached her dock in Brooklyn.

A well-known Washington correspondent quotes a high government official against the theory of "inevitable conflict" with Japan and says there is little foundation for the belief that war must come.

Tuesday.

John David Stewart of Kansas City choked his baby to death so he could have quiet after his day's labor.

Formal charges of corruption of voters in the primaries were made against United States Senator Stephenson in the Wisconsin Legislature.

Secretary of State Root saved Christian Rudowitz from trial in Russia and established a precedent making the United States an asylum for political refugees.

Members of the crew of the sunken liner Republic were notified that wages ended when the ship went down and that pay would be ready Thursday. Many had no place to sleep.

Governor Gillett in a special message to the California Legislature opposed legislation likely to annoy Japanese. President Roosevelt sent a second letter of proposal.

Wednesday.

Coquelin, the great French actor, died suddenly at the age of 83 years.

Isaac Stephenson fell one vote short on joint ballot for United States Senator in the Wisconsin Legislature.

Emperor William's fiftieth anniversary of birth was celebrated in an elaborate manner throughout Germany.

M. H. Harriman was elected a member of the board of directors of the New York Central Railroad, and that he soon will control the road in part.

President Roosevelt appointed a committee to investigate the needs of the navy and determine, among other things, whether any Congressmen are interested peculiarly in shipyards where government ships are built or repaired.

Thursday.

Gomes was sworn in as president of the Cuban republic amid gay scenes.

Search for the Republic was delayed by false tips caused by amateur wireless operators.

Jesus fathers will publish a weekly magazine in New York giving the views of the church on all affairs.

Walter Wellman says the "elder statesmen" in the Senate have decided that there shall be "nothing doing" this session in the way of legislation.

According to reports in the New York financial district the firm of Sidney C. Love & Co., formerly of Chicago, lost \$2,500,000, of which William H. Moore assumed \$1,500,000.

Friday.

Heavy storm raged from the Rockies to the East, bringing death and damage.

Former Rector Robert Morris Kemp of St. Christopher's Episcopal Church in Chicago was held to grand jury on charges made by choir boys.

Clash between Cuba's president and vice president came on second day of independence, the trouble starting over the executive's selection of a head for the secret police.

Saturday.

The House voted \$500,000 for construction of army balloons, and such craft may be of immense importance in time of war.

The Gridiron Club in Washington gave one of its many dinners as a farewell to President Roosevelt and Vice President Fairbanks and jokes on national affairs furnished entertainment.

All communications with Southern Spain and with the city of Barcelona is uninterrupted and normal and reports emanating from England relative to a disastrous earthquake and tidal wave at Barcelona are untrue.

American battle ship saluted Sultan Moulay Abd al-Hafid at Tangier, thus giving official recognition of the new Sultan of Morocco.

A crisis was averted in Cuba, President Gomes yielding to Vice President Zaya and withdrawing the name of Araneta as police chief.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Mrs. Rose Silvas, the first woman to settle in Yuma, Ariz., died there the other day, aged 106 years.

Fire at Rosedale, N. Y., destroyed the Bremen hotel, a general store and a large warehouse; loss \$75,000. Other towns on Long Island gave aid in fighting the flames.

The plant of the Xerox (Ohio) Board and Paper Company, valued at \$125,000, was destroyed by fire. The company was controlled by the Beverage Paper Company of Indianapolis. Loss \$100,000.

Damages of 1 cent for 1000 was the verdict at Birmingham, Ala., in the suit of Gov. B. B. Conner against the Montgomery Advertiser. He sued for \$50,000.

Gov. Judson Harmon of Ohio, at the request of Federal Judge Lurton of Cincinnati, has decided to remain receiver of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad until May.

The Lake Carriers' Association, in convention in Detroit, declared for the open shop principle for labor on ships and announced that \$50,000,000 worth of vessel tonnage had signed the mutual insurance agreement.

MONEY FOR ARMY AIRSHIPS.

Half a Million to Be Used for Construction of Fighting Balloons.

Airships are to form an important branch of the American military service provided the Senate agrees to an action taken by the House in Washington. The House voted \$750,000 for army purposes, \$500,000 of which it is understood can be used for construction and maintenance of airships. The vote was accompanied by a number of short speeches, most of the members taking the patriotic view that inasmuch as all the other first-class powers are going ahead with aerial craft as a military adjunct the United States should not lag behind. Both Democrats and Republicans spoke and voted for the appropriation and men of both parties were against it. But it carried by a handsome majority and it is believed the Senate will agree. Thanks to the vigorous educational efforts of General Allen, head of the army signal office, and others interested in aeronautics progress, Senators and Representatives are fast coming to realize that in the near future the army which is not equipped with aerial scouts and cruisers will be at a great disadvantage compared with an army that is so provided.

With half a million dollars at its disposal, the airship bureau of the War Department should soon be able to do some important work in the air as an earnest of what may be achieved in actual war, should war ever come. It is easily practicable to build in six months an airship or motor balloon capable of carrying five tons of crew, fuel and explosives, and capable of cruising a thousand or even two thousand miles in case of need. Such a ship, in case of war, might prove of inestimable value to the nation.

SHOT BY MAYOR'S BROTHER.

Tragic Accident at Home of Chief Municipal Officer of Chicago.

George Busse, brother of Mayor Fred A. Busse of Chicago, accidentally discharged a revolver in a room of his flat at the Walton apartments in that city the other evening, and the bullet, speeding with tragic fatality through a window, across an awryway, and into another window, killed Mrs. Lucius C. Tuckerman as she stood at a dressing table in the flat opposite.

The victim of the wandering bullet was known in army circles as "one of the beautiful Girard sisters." She lived in Milton, N. Y., and less than a week before came to Chicago with one of her children to visit her parents. Her father, Brig. Gen. A. C. Girard, is on the retired list. He has lived in the Walton apartments for several years.

Mr. Busse, in his own apartment, was explaining to Bertha Lemke, a maid, the use of the revolver when the weapon was discharged. Mr. Busse was absolved from blame by the relatives of Mrs. Tuckerman as they stood about her body.

WOMEN TOOLS IN LAND FRAUD.

Teachers' Testimony Convicts Man Who Grabbed Big Ranch.

D. H. Hallock, a Woodward County farmer and Harvard graduate, was convicted in the United States District Court in Guthrie, Okla., on two counts out of five, charging him with suborning school-teachers to testify falsely in homestead government land. Twenty witnesses, practically all young women teachers from Kansas, were granted immunity. The title to twenty-four sections of land in Woodward County is involved. Hallock used the school-teachers as "dummies" to get the land, thus exacting for himself a mammoth cattle ranch. His principal attorney was former Governor Stanley of Kansas. Before coming to Oklahoma Hallock was prominent at Bloomington, Neb.

CLAIRVOYANT CLOSES A MINE.

Predicts Explosion on Jan. 20 and Men Refuse to Enter Shaft.

The prophecy of a Pittsburgh fortune teller that the Hazel mine of the Pittsburg-Buffalo Company, located near Canonsburg, Pa., would be wrecked by an explosion has resulted in the mine being closed for four days by the order of the company. It is not superstition on the part of the coal company that has closed the mine, but the fact that men cannot be induced to go into the mine to work it. The mine is in good shape. The miners are for the most part foreigners. Recently one of them visited a clairvoyant, who predicted an explosion. The man told his friends, and not a miner would enter the mine.

Hung Up by Mob, but Rescued.

A negro answering the description of one who attacked Mrs. Jessie Holland was captured by angry neighbors near Jacksonville, Fla., and strung up to a tree with a telephone wire. The wire broke. A second attempt was made to hang the negro when a sheriff's posse scattered the crowd and took the negro to jail.

Child Thrown to Swine.

E. M. Clark was arrested and placed in jail at McLeanboro, Ill., on a charge that struck wrath. He was living with a woman named Ollie Lane at Dale, and it is charged he took the woman's infant and threw it to a drove of hogs, which devoured it.

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THE RAIL-SPOTTER.



BLIZZARD STRIKES COUNTRY.

Large Area Is Smitten by Severe Storm—Cold and Death Attain.

The worst blizzard in many years has been raging over the richest and the most thickly populated section of the United States. Practically all that vast expanse of territory lying east of the Rocky Mountain States, and extending as far south as the mountains of Tennessee, was in the grasp of the storm king.

Rain, sleet and snow, accompanied by driving winds, marked the progress of the storm. The atmospheric disturbance, both by reason of the severity of the widespread storm and by reason of the hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory affected, was almost unprecedented. Death, suffering, and a property loss of millions upon millions of dollars followed in the wake of the great blizzard of 1900.

Rarely, if ever, in the history of the United States Weather Bureau had such a great stretch of territory been covered at once by one storm. Reports show that in every town, every hamlet, over every foot of land from the Missouri river east as far as Albany and Oswego, N. Y., as far north as Marquette, Mich., and as far south as the Appalachian Mountains in Tennessee, the blizzard spent its fury.

Scores of trains were stalled in the Western States; telegraph and telephone lines—hundreds of miles of them—were down; communication was interrupted; city and interurban electric railway lines in many cities were temporarily put out of commission; shipyards were damaged; buildings were wrecked; live stock was suffering and freezing to death; humanity likewise was feeling the effects of the blizzard. Following closely on the heels of the blizzard came a cold wave.

DENIES RUDOWITZ EXTRADITION.

Russia's Demand for Prisoner Refused by United States Official.

Christian Rudowitz, Russian political refugee, whom the government of the czar charged with murder in an effort to extradite him for punishment as a revolutionary, will not have to go back to Russia. The Cuban government has reduced his sentence to twenty years.

The Minnesota Sheriff's Association meeting in St. Paul voted solidly in favor of putting all sheriffs on salary basis.

In regard to changing the time of election of all county officers from every two years to every four years, there was a difference of opinion and no action was taken as to recommending any legislation. The matter was left with the executive committee for action.

President Roosevelt and his cabinet, the Governor of Ohio, the Governors of all Southern States, Gov. elect Joseph M. Brown of Georgia, Senators Bacon and Clay, the entire Georgia congressional delegation, and prominent Southerners were invited to attend the dinner given by the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce at which President-elect Tamm was the guest of honor and chief speaker.

Former Minister to Spain Iraanis B. Taylor of Alabama, in an article for the North American Review, asks if the South is going to continue its attitude of isolation and its antagonism to industrial and commercial development. He wants to know if the South is going to go on being the pocket borough of one political party when her industries have become diversified and when the negro question has been practically settled. Editor Watterson of the Courier-Journal says that Taylor is a dreamer.

Gov. Patterson of Tennessee vetoed the State-wide prohibition bill which had passed both branches of the Legislature. His principal reason was that experience had taught that no arbitrary prohibition law was ever obeyed, and that its enactment makes no settlement of the question, but rather leaves it like a burr on the body politic to irritate and inflame." He objected also because it would destroy property and reduce the revenue of the State. In the name of temperance he refused to assent to an "intemperate measure," and in the name of morality he would not sanction "a law that would foster hypocrisy and invite evasion and deceit in the people." Afterward the bill was passed over Patterson's veto in the Senate 20 to 13 and in the House 81 to 36, the vote in each case being followed by a wildly enthusiastic demonstration. Just before the veto message was received the Senate passed a bill to prohibit the manufacture of liquors in the State after Jan. 1, 1910.

That President Roosevelt had imposed his name and influence to check the progress of anti-Japanese bills in the California Legislature became known when his message to Gov. Gillett appeared. He asked the Governor to take steps to have said legislation held up until he could be heard from, saying that a letter had been forwarded expressing his wishes. The Governor replied that the bills had been held up, and that copies of the same had been mailed to the President. One of the measures would prevent the ownership of property for more than seven years by aliens. Another expressly names the Japanese in the law regarding Mongolian children in public schools. Still another would prevent an alien from becoming a director in a corporation. In that letter to Gillett the President says that these measures are most unfortunate, as the Japanese government has acted in good faith on the arrangement as to immigration concluded two years ago.

At the banquet of the New York Economic Club, which was attended by many millionaires and sociologists, as well as by several labor leaders of national prominence, one of the speakers was Kier Hardie, leader of the Labor party in the British House of Commons. He told the company that the only hope of the American workmen was to form an independent political party, and boldly asserted that socialism was inevitable as the logical outcome of industrial evolution.

SENATOR IS CHOSEN OF VOTERS.

United States Senator Francis G. Newlands, Democrat, who had been chosen by popular vote to succeed himself, was re-elected by both houses of the Nevada Legislature, voting separately. The Republicans stood by their agreement to abide by the popular vote and placed no candidate in nomination.

Another MILLION to CHICAGO.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., announces that his father has set aside another million dollars for the benefit of the Chicago University, making its endowment now \$150,000,000.

OKLAHOMA CITY WAS \$100,000,000.

CUBA IS FREE AGAIN; ISLAND CELEBRATES

Governor Magoon Turns Reins of Government Over to President Gomez.

ELABORATE CEREMONY HELD.

New Executive Is Leader of Liberal Party and Choice of People—His Regime to Be Progressive.

A new era of Cuban independence dawned Thursday when the affairs of the island, which have been administered by American officials for more than two years as a result of the revolution against former President Palma in 1900, were formally transferred to the newly-elected native executives. The coming of this new day of Cuban liberty was signaled by a general display of fireworks, the velvet blackness of the tropical midnight being set afire by screeching rockets and bombs which sent down showers of golden rain and gleaming, varicolored lights. The streets of Havana, which were brilliantly illuminated and garlanded with clusters of incandescent bulbs, were thronged until an early hour in the morning and a carnival spirit everywhere prevailed.

Thousands of people gathered around the Clerks' Club throughout the night, where inaugural and farewell balls were held jointly in honor of President Gomez and Vice President Zayas and Gov. Magoon. An interesting ceremony was the decorating of the old battleship Maine with elaborate wreaths of garlands and hoisting at half-mast on the protruding military top of a new American flag. This idea originated among the crew of the new battleship Maine, which now is in the harbor, who subscribed \$150 for the flowers and greens.

President Gomez was escorted from his home to the palace by detachments of the police and the guard. He rode in the same carriage with Gov. Magoon, who called for him with a native military guard of honor. The ceremony of inauguration at the palace were brief. Precisely at noon President Gomez stepped out upon the balcony overlooking the Plaza de Armas and took the oath faithfully to enforce the laws of the republic and defend the constitution. The oath was administered by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Afterward President Gomez made a short address.

Jose Miguel Gomez



THE DODGE GARDEN

CURE FOR TROUBLES.

By Rev. Junius B. Remsennyder.
Behold the towels of the air! for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?—Matthew vi., 26.

The great teacher knew men well, their weaknesses and their needs, is remarkably shown by this counsel. He had noted the anxiety written in their faces. Their duties, their business, the responsibilities weighed down the uplift of their hearts. And how much more He would have observed the same aspect to-day. Life then was simple and free compared with the present. Social conditions have grown so complex that it is hard to keep from being under stress. If one looks at the multitudes of persons he meets on our streets, every one seems in a hurry, as if bearing a strain. Life is not being lived easily and naturally, but under a pressure—almost painful. Even the faces of the young reveal this severe conception of life.

Now, Christ considered this a distorted, needless, and unhappy thing. And so He calls men to look at the freedom and blithesome joy of the caroling birds so much wiser in their simplicity than they in all their anxious forethought and strain. How, then, can we avoid this error and take life easily and naturally?

Love your work. Do not think that

every one else has an easier calling than you have. Most of us have found the labor fitted to our hand, and, remembering that work is life's chief business, we should take delight in it. Throw away all ambition beyond that of doing your day's work well. Exercise neighborliness, feel kindly to your brother man, show an interest in his success, live and let live. Find pleasure in life and interest in others. It is our selfishness that accounts for much of our stress. Were we satisfied with our portion instead of cherishing a grasping spirit we would find life a far less thorny road. He who takes time to do a kindly action lightens his own task and illumines his own.

Again, have some innocent recreation. It is the greatest error to confound religion and abstinence and austerity. The church has never made the mistake of opposing harmless pleasures. Those Christian people who have done so have sadly misrepresented it.

Never worry over evils to come.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Far more troubles are sure

in imagination than in reality. Let me hope for the best instead of dreading the worst. Never bear more than one trouble at a time. Some people bear three kipps—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have. Let us not, then, suffer from imaginary sorrows. And when troubles do come bear them patiently.

Patience is as a case of armor around the heart which deadens the blows inflicted on it. Impatience not only strips of the covering, but lays bare the very quick in all its sensitiveness of nerve. To bear evils with patience extracts from them their sharpest thorns and gathers from them the sweetest graces of temper.

But the chief means of taking life easily is that to which the Master here points us. It is the lesson taught by the birds. They are by no means idle.

They work from morning until night. But their activity is without care.

Their life is free, joyous, unburdened by anxiety—a glorious flight, ceaseless song, and yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Let us then have faith in God. Let us do our work and trust the rest to Him.

THE RELIGIOUS MOTIVE.

By Henry F. Cope.
"Holding forth the word of life."—
Pill. 2:10.

Why should a man bother himself about religion at all? Is it in order to avert the wrath of the Almighty or to make certain of felicity in the future? Once superstition as held sway that fear was a sufficient motive to make all men at least formally if not vitally religious. To-day we feel that is a damning faith that turns any man into a trembling, terror-stricken slave.

Once men held their possessions on the altars of religion in order to placate the deities; in later times they are told to lay their minds there. Intellectual stupefaction is the price that many are willing to pay to secure an imagined peace of mind or future felicity. With many religion is a scheme of getting all to think alike by not allowing any to think at all.

So long as religion means the holding or defending of certain opinions, the belief in certain views, especially regarding the dead past, the unknown future, or the mysterious other world, it will be hard for the practical mind to see just what value such views might have or—what necessity, personal or social, is upon us to cling in ait.

Even where the teachings of religion have taken a more practical bearing, where the emphasis has been upon duties, upon social relations or personal rightness, while one may see the importance of right moral and ethical standards, it is hard to persuade folks that there is any large value in getting the whole world to think together the formula that says "Thou shalt not steal." Religion must strike deeper than this or have no power over us.

In a world where men are wishing that the days were twice as long, they still find time for things that are really worth while, they are quick to recognize the value of things spiritual, but it is not hard to understand their impatience with any church or system that spends time fighting over opinions when the poor, the oppressed, the impotent stand helpless and neglected at our doors.

From *Snakeshead*.
Gunner—What in the deuce is Hark's wife doing blacking him up with foot and shoe blacking?

Guyer—He's going to a masked ball.

Gunner—What has that to do with it?

Guyer—Why, he is going to represent Pittsburgh.

No Novelty.

"A novel always ends with the marriage."

"Which is proper. There's nothing

new about the subsequent hunt for a dad, and a cook, and a job—of course."

—Pittsburgh.

Phosphate rock from our Southern States, principally that from Florida, is the basic component of all manu-

factured fertilizer, and it is also exported and extensively employed by European farmers who apply it to their soil in its native state.

The phosphate bushings, already large and extensively profitable, is growing by leaps and bounds, says *Leslie's Weekly*. Experts estimate that within the next ten years it will assume enormous proportions. It must, Rock or pebble phosphate is the very essence of plant life and must necessarily always form the most essential part of all patent fertilizers. Lands in Florida from which phosphate is being taken, and ground known to contain appreciable beds are yet undeveloped, and which, prior to the discovery of the commercial possibilities of phosphate, could have been purchased for a dollar an acre, are now almost wholly withdrawn from the market and the man or the corporation owning an extensive phosphate acreage is regarded as most fortunate.

The Wheat Belt.

The Mississippi valley states a quarter of a century ago were conspicuous competitors of the east in the production of wheat. Where formerly only spring wheat was grown in western states a large acreage of winter wheat is now sown. The great wheat states of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Illinois are gradually being eclipsed by the wheat-growing states west of the Mississippi river, and they in turn are now menaced by the cheap wheat lands of North Dakota and the Canadian northwest.

Argentina, Australia, India and Russia are competitors of the United States and Canada in supplying the world's consumption of wheat. In 1900 the United States produced 735,201,000 bushels of wheat, France 324,725,000, British India 310,586,000, while the total world's production the above year aggregated 3,423,704,000 bushels of wheat.

In the older wheat producing states it has become a rotation crop of clover and corn instead of being the principal agricultural product. The spring wheat lands of Canada are being cultivated on account of their low valuation and the production of a higher grade of hard milling wheat.

Unless irrigated acres on reclaimed swamp lands are particularly adapted to the cultivation of wheat the volume of land adapted to its production in the United States has nearly reached its normal limit. The population is outgrowing wheat production and as the present decrease of bushels per capita in a quarter of a century the export of wheat from this country will be eliminated.

If wheat holds steady ground \$1 per bushel it will stimulate production on land now devoted to corn and grass. It will also encourage the extension of wheat cultivation into the Hudson Bay and Southern Alaska districts.

It has been demonstrated by the agricultural experiment stations that the selection of good seed and improved cultivation will increase the yield of wheat per acre. In the older states a three-year crop rotation of corn, clover and wheat will keep up the volume of production. The development of the cheap wheat lands of the northwest and the extreme northern wheat belt will tend to reduce the area of wheat in the Mississippi valley states, particularly when high priced farm lands can be made to yield a larger revenue when devoted to the cultivation of other crops. The cheap lands of India, Siberia, Argentina, Australia and the Canadian northwest present the greatest possibilities for cheap wheat production in the future.—Goodall's Farmer.

ORIGIN OF CHRYSANTHEMUM.

Pretty and Interesting Legend Concerning That Flower.

The Japanese have an interesting legend in connection with the origin of the chrysanthemum, the London *Globe* says. In a garden, bathed in the soft moonlight, a young girl plucked a flower and commenced to strip the petals to see if her fiance loved her truly. Of a sudden a little god appeared before her and assured her that her fiance loved her passionately. Your husband will live, he added, as many years as the flower, which I will let you choose, has petals. With these words he disappeared.

The young girl hastened to search the garden for a flower which should have an abundance of petals, but each one appeared to promise but a brief future for her beloved.

At length she plucked a Persian carnation, and, with the aid of a gold pin, taken from her hair, she separated each of the petals of the flower, so as to increase the number of folioles and of the number of years accorded by the girl to her fiance. Soon, under her deft fingers, one, two, three hundred petals, thin, pliant and beautifully curved, had been evolved, and the young girl cried for joy to think of the happy future which her rose had assured her.

So, runs the legend, was the chrysanthemum created one moonlight night in a Japanese garden, where all the brooks murmur softly as they run beneath the little bamboo hedges.

—This *Home* May Fit.

Two men, whose offices were on the second floor, were on the first floor waiting for an elevator. Long and impatiently.

"You're not looking extra well, Landel," remarked the lawyer.

"No, Rankie," replied the real estate man. "Think I'll join an athletic club. I need exercise."

"Me, too."

Still they waited for the elevator.—

Kansas City Times.

No Novelty.

"A novel always ends with the marriage."

"Which is proper. There's nothing

new about the subsequent hunt for a dad, and a cook, and a job—of course."

—Pittsburgh.

Phosphate rock from our Southern States, principally that from Florida, is the basic component of all manu-

Michigan State News

FAIR'S PROFIT IS \$11,000.

West Michigan Association Elects Its Officers.

The West Michigan State Fair Association held its annual meeting in Grand Rapids, electing the officers and directors with but few changes.

The exposition last year resulted in a net profit of \$11,000. Charles W. Garfield, director since the association was organized, declined to be reelected. George G. Whitford was made his successor. James W. Milliken, of Traverse City, died during the year and his place was filled with the election of James H. Monroe, also of South Haven, who was vice president in place of J. J. Woodman of Paw Paw, who declined to serve.

Religious meets man at this point: it shows him the way of the larger life. It bids him recognize himself as more than dust; it avances him the sense of the divine. At its best it bids him call himself the child of the highest and urges him to go forward into the fullness of the best the world has ever dreamed of or longed for.

The test of any religion is this: Does it stir me to discontent with the life I have, with my attainments, with the whole order of life about me? Does it awaken in me augmenting longings for fairer, sweater, fuller life for all men? Does it give me glimpses of a life to which this one seems to be but the vestibule?

Churches and creeds are but the tools and milestones along the way where life goes from more to more. Men will be religious not to escape some painted hell, but to find the way into that heaven already pictured in their passions, their dreams and longing, to walk in this way and to awaken all men to know and follow the path that leads into the life enlarging and lord of all lesser things. Whoever leads here will be followed.

SERMONETTE.

Faith makes a fold; bigotry a fence. The double-minded are but half-witted.

Peace is the power gained through pain.

No pleasure comes from playing with life.

No good in any good unless it is soon outgrown.

You can usually tell a man's size by what he sees.

Your imaginary wrongs cannot cover your real wrongdoing.

An ideal too heavy becomes a drag instead of an inspiration.

The man who does not have an uphill fight is going down hill.

The surest, swiftest way of being dimmed is to do nothing.

It's no use wasting blows on the man who is afraid of being hurt.

You get much instead of men when you offer them only soft places.

It's no use sighing for a chance to lead if you dare not go alone.

Out of deep sorrows come high powers to comfort and strengthen.

Idleness makes the hours wearly long and the days woefully short.

The mark of a heavenly blessing is that it ignores our earthly boundaries.

He can never know any deep joy who can laugh at the sorrows of another.

The man who is liberal in his faith is not always the same in his finances.

Sometimes we need tides of grief to carry us over the bars of our dull content.

The only way to get all the happiness in life is to give for the happiness of all.

The man who bangs his head against hard facts feels his bumps and calls them faith.

If you would make sure of your sins being fruitful bury them under a pretense of piety.

There is always a greater benefit in enduring my own pain than in evading another's pleasure.

The life is worried by the people who work for the good, not by those who worry over him.

WRIGHT HEADS REFORM WORK.

Ray Stannard Baker Head of State Civil Service League.

With the object of securing the establishment of a system of appointment, promotion and removal of employees in the various departments of the State government, based upon the principle that public office is a public trust, the Michigan Civil Service League was organized in Lansing Monday. The idea is to take the public service of the State out of the hands of the political machines and put it on a business basis. The organization is the outcome of the efforts of Ray Stannard Baker, the writer, who is a resident of Michigan, and he was chosen the first president. The other officers are: Vice president, J. B. Angel; president, University of Michigan; secretary, Frank M. Byam, Grand Rapids; treasurer, W. G. Garfield, Grand Rapids.

CHILD SHOT; LOSES EYE.

But Parents Decline to Prosecute Boy Shooter.

Despite the fact that their child Mildred, 6 years old, is disfigured for life, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Lawrence, of Battle Creek, have declined to prosecute Jess Rainbow, 12 years old, who is responsible. The boy told the child if he looked around the corner of the house again he would shoot her with an "unloaded" shotgun with which he was playing.

The girl peeked and received fifty shot in her face and body. An oculist removed one eye but the other may be saved.

HAS RARE OLD VOLUME.

Grand Marais Man Owns Copy of "The Tattler" Printed in 1840.

An old book which is a prized possession of an upper peninsula man is a copy of "The Tattler," by William Lord Coper, owned by Walter Bell of Grand Marais. The volume is 200 years old. It was issued from the presses January 3, 1799, and has been an heirloom in the Bell family since 1811. The book is wonderfully well preserved for its age.

ONE WEATHERS Dies in Poverty.

Frank King, a pioneer resident of Menominee County, died, aged 80 years. He had lived there nearly fifty years and though wealthy years ago, died in poverty.

George O'Brien, of Harrison, who was convicted of abandoning his wife and five children, was sentenced to imprisonment in the local reformatory for from six months to three years.

Oscar Kelley, of South Haven, who was charged with an assault with intent to do great bodily harm, was permitted to plead guilty to assault and battery. He was given sixty days in jail.

Menominee Submarines lost close to \$10,000 worth of nets and several thousand pounds of fish the other night when a heavy wind carried away the ice north of Chambers Island. Not a net has been recovered.

Legislative Salary Bill Passed.

The legislative salary bill, intended to give the members a stipend of \$5 a day passed the Senate, and was given immediate effect as an appropriation bill.

AVERAGE WAGE ONE CENT LINE.

Michigan Businesses Received \$1,024 a Day Last Year.

The annual report of the commission of labor, including industrial statistics for 1907, is now being compiled and will be ready for distribution some time in February. The factory inspection shows 8,502 establishments with 212,064 employees, or about 8,338 establishments and 293,834 employees in 1907. The average wage was \$1.02, as against \$1.03 in 1907. The average hours worked were 3.7 a day, as against 3.6 in 1907. In Detroit 1,575 establishments were inspected. The total number of employees were 76,630, of which 35,631 were males. The average pay of males was \$2.29 a day and the grand average \$1.01.00, the average daily pay roll being \$147,300.0

Buy the New Royal Sewing Machine

Equal to any made.

For Sale and fully warranted by O. Palmer.

COMING TO A DECISION

"I can't give you any answer to-day, Charlie."

"You've been saying that for three months."

"And I suppose I'll continue to say it till I make up my mind to—"

"Be married?"

"Oh, no; I've decided upon that."

"You mean you haven't decided on the man you will marry?"

To this the only reply was a far-away, dreamy look.

"How many of us are there?"

"How disagreeable of you! You seem to intimate that there are a large number, whereas there are only two."

"That simplifies it immensely. I infer from your putting me off rather than refusing me that I'm one of the two. Now, how would it do to decide between the two by tossing a coin?"

Again that far-away look, then: "Suppose you lose?"

"I shall have to bear my disappointment like a man."

A dissatisfied look passed over her face. She was silent.

"What's troubling you?"

"I was thinking of my own disappointment in case the coin fell the wrong way."

"But I thought there was no wrong way for you."

No reply.

"Does the other fellow possess an advantage that has nothing to do with love?"

"No."

"Then, if you can be happy with either of us and can't decide between us, why should you not be satisfied with the decision of a toss?"

"Why, because how stupid you—the coin might decide the wrong way."

It was his turn to pause. He was of a scientific turn of mind and had a fancy for paradoxes, but there was one that baffled him.

"I have it," he said, finally. "We'll toss the coin, and if it falls the wrong way you are to have the privilege of deciding the right way."

She neither assented nor dissented, and taking a quarter from his pocket he said: "I choose this eminently respectable head with a serious face, a wreath and the motto: 'In God We Trust.' I am perfectly willing to trust in God."

"You said that just as if you had no confidence whatever in me."

"You, not being able to choose between two lovers, are not to be blamed by either. I have chosen heads, there remains for my rival the spread eagle with an olive branch in one claw and a bundle of arrows in the other, by which he means: 'If you marry me I'll love you; if you don't I'll shoot you.' There's a ribbon in his mouth which means: 'You shall always be dressed up mighty fine' or, in other words: 'I'll give you everything you want.'"

"That's just what makes me hesitate. You coolly arrogate everything to yourself. You choose the head and the motto: 'In God We Trust,' leaving for—for the other—a spread eagle, as you call it, with your own interpretation of the emblems."

"I'm going to put an end to your hesitation. Up she goes!"

He flipped the coin, and as it came down he put his hand over it.

"Before you know who has won," he said, "I want to know if you intend to abide by the decision?"

"I suppose so—that is—"

She got no answer. He tried in vain to get a more definite reply. At last he took away his hand and showed the coin—tails up.

"He has won," he said coolly, putting the piece in his pocket. "Permit me to congratulate you."

"On what?"

Her eyes wandered all over the room, lighting nowhere.

"Tell me plainly," he said, "without beating around the bush, are you satisfied or dissatisfied with the result of the toss?"

"I might not be satisfied if—that is—"

She paused and looked out of the window. On her fair young brow were the gentle corrugations of perplexity.

"Well?"

"You seem to be satisfied."

"I? What has that to do with it?"

"If you had shown even a tiny bit of dissatisfaction—"

"You would have been satisfied?"

"You're always misinterpreting what I say. I didn't mean that at all."

"Come; we're making no headway. It was agreed that if the coin fell the wrong way you were to have the privilege of deciding the right way."

"But I told you at first, I can't decide, at least not just now."

"Then I suppose we have spent all this time for nothing. I'm worn out with trying to bring you to a decision. I'm going away for a long while—a year, two years, five if necessary—to overcome this infatuation for a girl who doesn't know whether she wants me or doesn't, want me or wants somebody else or—"

"There's one chance for a decision," she interrupted, "that you haven't thought of."

"What's that?"

"You might toss again."

He sent the coin spinning in the air, and without waiting for it to come down took her in his arms.

The next morning her little brother was munching candy. When asked where he got the money to buy it he said he had found a quarter under the piano.

WOMEN ARE WISE

Uncle Henry Shows What Chance a Poor Man Has.

"Any man who thinks a woman has no sense of humor," said Uncle Henry, unlimbering about four dollars' worth of complicated gestures, "deserves to be—say, any man who is so bald-headed on the inside as to suppose that women don't know a joke when they see it deserves to be—well, son, my gracious, he deserves to be married. And that's all there is to it."

"Did you see this? Did you read this in the papers? By gum, it's a corker. Listen here."

"A young idiot goes and enlists in the navy. They give him some blue clothes and a black eye, a stop bucket and a light breakfast, and set him to work improving the complexion of the starboard watch shay. Say, he was sore all over."

"Had a girl ashore, too. Fact is, he put him up to it. Well, sir, he was in and he couldn't get out. So he mancured the brass work, learned to say 'Yessir' and 'No sir,' and click his heels and salute every time any gold braid came along, and after awhile his time was up."

"Then listen. 'No more discipline,' he says. 'No more bowing and scraping,' he says. 'No more being afraid to call your soul on your own,' he says. 'Not with the girl on shore ready to marry me,' he says. I'm through with discipline and backslapping for life," he says. And he skidded right out of the navy like he was almost human."

"Then, by gracious, what does he do? Well, sir, by gum, he goes right off and marries the girl. Think it over, son; take it easy and get the meat out of it. That's right; go ahead and laugh. Honest, can you beat it?"

"Geez, right home, he does, right out of the navy, and marries the girl. Never waited to get the grik out of his back, even. Tried of discipline, he was. And he goes right off and gets married! Wanted a chance to call his soul his own, he did. And as soon as he gets a living show he beats right out and becomes a husband. Regular husband, by gracious, and before that he was only a sailor."

"But the girl, son; the girl! Wasn't she the goods? Can you see it? Does it get to you, the whole business?"

"There she was, just an ordinary sort of a female woman girl person. Nothing extra, understand, like as though she was bigger than he was, or could throw straight, or anything. No, sir, regular straight, average girl."

"And there he was. High and mighty sort of a male man. Used to go out with the boys and come back with the katzenjammer. Stood up straight and looked 'em over. Regular unmarried sort of a guy. Wouldn't take nothing from nobody."

"Now, see. Pipe the foxy flossie. She was over seven. What chance would she stand with him? Nix. So what does she do? She pumps him full of salt-water literature. She hands him over to the myrmidons of the quarterdeck and lets them beat the fear that cometh with understanding into him with a 16-inch gun. Say, son, it was grand."

"Then she waits for him to come out. Grins as he plunges over to her little cottage door. And when he says: 'Will you?' she gets red in the face trying to frame up 'You betcher life' in some more modest and retiring sort of language."

"Would she? Would she be his? Would she? Holy hopping hoop skirts, what in the name of sense had she been training him for? Would she be his? In a minute if she had not already decided that he was going to be hers. And, say, son, what chance does a man got against a game like that?"

"By gracious, you got to give her credit. You got to give 'em all credit. They're wise, son; they're wise. They go out to sea fights and bargain matinees of an afternoon and sit there like butter wouldn't melt in their mouths. Along comes one of us mere men with a pair of squeaky patent leathers and a week's pay in his kick, and he looks about it 'em and he says to himself: 'There's a place, quiet, tame, innocent looking bunch. For two cents I'd go in and give 'em a look.'

"And all the time the girl nearest the window is saying to the petite lamb alongside: 'There's a big bulk of nothing with a face like a pan of stale fudge piping us through the window. Shall we make him come in and tie a few knots in him? 'No,' says mother's ownest lamb, putting on a sick-duck-in-a-thunderstorm expression. 'Let's wait until the caramels are gone, and then we'll go out and throw the hooks into a couple of live ones.'

"Honest, son, what chance in this wide, wide world has a poor, undefended critter like a man is until somebody wakes him up from his dream, got with a frame-up like that? Say, he hasn't got any more show than I have when my wife gets going. Only I know enough to beat it before it begins to thunder. That's experience, that's what that is, and experience doesn't come in box like crackers."

"And that's why I say: any man who thinks a woman has no sense of humor is liable to have some girl come along any day and marry him up, and then where is he? He knows more, but it doesn't do him any good."

"Yes, indeed, son, there's no doubt about it, a woman knows a joke when she sees it. Of course you tell her a joke and she won't laugh nor nothing, but that's because she don't see it."

"When the market is brisk the seller does not stop to wash the mud from his turpits."—Chinese Proverb.

WITH PEOPLE OF LONG LIFE.

Men of 70 Not Regarded as Old—Simple Lives and Longevity.

In Norfolk, England, there are in every village individuals of more than 80 years of age and not infrequently one or two over 90, and those of 70 and upward are regarded as not even old. Many farm laborers of 70 are quite healthy, working from early morning up to five and six o'clock in the evening, and some are so vigorous as to earn a full man's wages.

And the women in the country, writes a correspondent, are more tenacious of life perhaps than are the men. In one village personally known to me, containing about 300 people, within the past six months have died three women of more than 90 years of age, the oldest of these being no less than 98. In another Norfolk village with inhabitants to the number of 400 there live a man of 95, a woman of 90, a woman of 89, a woman of 87, and several of both sexes over 80. In yet another village there is a blacksmith aged 95, and the widow of a country medical practitioner whose years mount up to 92.

This longevity of the Norfolk peasant, comments the Lancet, has a very interesting pathological side to it. The chief enemy of the farm laborer of the eastern counties from the standpoint of health is rheumatism. Not many reach even middle age without having been the victims of rheumatism, and a large number are crippled in their old age by this disease. But in spite of this the average of longevity seems to be very high, although as well as rheumatism he has to contend with the lack of adequate housing accommodation and want of proper sanitary arrangements. That to eat sparingly in the open air and to work sufficiently to occupy the mind and to exercise the body will enable a man to defy more or less the evils of environment would seem to be shown by the toughness of the Norfolk laborer.

INURED TO POVERTY AND TOIL.

Crater of Mount Etna Well Worth Visit of Traveller.

We were taught to spell it Aetna, but the "a" has been dropped by geographers. The Arabians who discovered it gave it the name of "Gibello," signifying a mountain. The natives stuck a "monte" before it, hence "Monte Gibello," a mount-mountain. An abbreviation is "Mongibello." A pyramidal rock forms the summit of the great volcano, of which the crater is over nine miles in circumference and 750 feet deep. Many strangers visit the mountain, but few ever reach its frozen top, so much do the difficulties and dangers increase after passing the first region of snow. Not many years ago an English tourist who reached the crater was rash enough to descend it by means of ropes attached to his waist. He was drawn up suffocated, after having given the signal to his guides. These were unable to restore him to life.

AT SUMMIT OF GREAT VOLCANO.

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We were taught to spell it Aetna, but the "a" has been dropped by geographers. The Arabians who discovered it gave it the name of "Gibello," signifying a mountain. The natives stuck a "monte" before it, hence "Monte Gibello," a mount-mountain. An abbreviation is "Mongibello." A pyramidal rock forms the summit of the great volcano, of which the crater is over nine miles in circumference and 750 feet deep. Many strangers visit the mountain, but few ever reach its frozen top, so much do the difficulties and dangers increase after passing the first region of snow. Not many years ago an English tourist who reached the crater was rash enough to descend it by means of ropes attached to his waist. He was drawn up suffocated, after having given the signal to his guides. These were unable to restore him to life.

THE SICKROOM BUGBEAR.

The great bugbear of the sickroom is monotony. This is the problem that every nurse must meet and study ways and means to prevent. She may do this in several ways. She may alter the appearance of the room occasionally by pushing the bed or sofa to a different part of the room in order to give the patient a fresh outlook; the cut flowers may be replaced by a growing plant; old magazines and books may be removed and new ones taken in their place; the pictures may be changed, especially those that hang at the foot of the bed, or perhaps, a blank wall may be found to be restful to the tired eyes.—Circle Magazine.

Separating Listeners.

"One thing must be stated clearly in the contract," said the woman who was having party telephone line put in her apartment, "the other party must be some one who does not live in this house. I am willing to share the line with a stranger, but not with neighbors who know me well enough to take an interest in my affairs."

"You may be perfectly easy in your mind on that point, madam," said the agent. "We never put two subscribers in the same house on the same line. The company learned long ago that such a plan does not work well. You are not the only person who objects. In fact, everybody objects, and the company never makes such an arrangement of lines. We expect to put you on a wire with a subscriber in the next block."

Want Open-Air Schools.

The clubwomen of New Jersey are interesting themselves in the open-air school for children that is being advocated by Dr. Alexander McAllister, a physician of Camden, N. J., as a means for curing and preventing tuberculosis.

Dr. McAllister declares that it would be entirely feasible to have the school of children conducted out of doors—in the yards of the schools, for instance, from the latter part of May to the close of the school term, and from the beginning of the school term well into October. The clubwomen have expressed their determination to see that the idea has a fair trial. The first experiment, it is said, will be made in Camden under the direction of Dr. McAllister.

Insults for Lord Milner.

Lord Milner is said to possess such an even temper that it is almost impossible to ruffle him, and thereby hangs a tale. Many years ago he worked under Mr. W. T. Stead on a London newspaper, and one day young Milner addressed a meeting in the East end of London, when an insulting remark made by one of the audience roused him. Urged on by his natural indignation, he made an exceptionally brilliant speech. On hearing of the incident later, Mr. Stead remarked: "Well, Milner, I wish to goodness I knew how to insult you every day before you start work."

In Book Form.

"Do you think a man should go into politics as a profession?"

"No," answered Senator Borghen; "not as a profession. But he should be a good hand at a trade."

A Distinction.

"Do you think a man should go into politics as a profession?"

"What does that mean?"

"Means he'll write 100,000 words, divide 'em into chapters and print 'em between covers."

Not the Right One.

"The tall girl over there is a queer one; she is not generic."

"She ain't no such thing; she's Suzy Jones."

AN ANCIENT RACE DYING OUT.

Veddahs of Ceylon Regarded as Representing the Stone Age.

The oldest inhabitants of Ceylon are passing away. These are the famous Veddahs.

Fifty years ago it was estimated that 8,000 of them were still living in the forests, but Dr. Max Moszkowski, who has recently visited them, says they are only 50 or 60 of them still alive and that a few more years will see the end of their race.